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TERMS OF THE
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⁂ All Letters and communications must be post paid.

FROM GREECE.

It appears, says the Austrian Observer, that Ibrahim's intention is to convey his troops towards the Isthmus of Corinth, by ascending the Gulf of Lepanto. Thence his army may, in two or three days march, reach Napoli di Romani, and commence the siege, while the fleet passing round the peninsula, would undertake to blockade it. The Seraskier will, it is said, march upon Athens and invest its citadel, combining his operations with those of the Pacha of Negropont. The position of Napoli, however, is so strong, that it will not easily be carried. The citadel is impregnable, and can only be reduced by famine.

At the fall of Missolonghi, the Greeks covered themselves with glory. After having saluted, on the 22d of April, the tombs of Marco Botzaris, of Cyriaque, and of Norman, they went to the church, where they received absolution, which was granted them by Joseph, Bishop of Rogous, amid the tears of the women and children. It was about ten in the morning when this ceremony was finished. They shared what remained of the boiled roots, of fish and food in the city, and each held himself ready to go forward and die. An hour after midnight, a part of the population and its defenders went out of the place; they advanced in silence, but they could not deceive the vigilance of the enemy, who succeeded in surrounding and destroying them. At dawn, the Egyptians penetrated the city—where, being fired upon by the old men and the women who were left behind they perished in great numbers. At six in the morning they forced the metropolis, and a mine which was exploded by the Greeks, terminated one of the most disastrous events in modern history. We are assured that Notis Botzaris, and the Bishop of Rogous, are among those who perished in this dreadful conflagration. The punishments which have fallen on the Christians who came alive into the power of the Egyptians, surpass belief. Several have suffered crucifixion, and some have been burnt in a slow fire. Children were thrown into the sea, as was done at Chios.

There are still three or four fortresses in the hands of the Greeks, which will probably, at least, sustain a long siege. It is said that Ibrahim Pacha did not obtain so many prisoners at Missolonghi as he expected, and that he had been under the necessity of ordering the peasants to be put to death, that he might procure the number of six thousand heads and pairs of ears, which the Sultan had comanded him to send to Constantinople.

POPULATION OF EGYPT.

It is computed that there are in Egypt 2.514.400 inhabitants; of whom about 200.000 are Copts, 2,300,000 Fellahs, and 14,400 foreigners. The Copts are the descendants of the ancient Egyptians, and pretty generally inhabit the towns; the Fellahs, a mixed race of Arabs, Persians, Syrians and Egyptians, live more commonly in the villages, and devote themselves to commerce and agriculture. The number of villages in Egypt is 3,475! of which about half are in Lower Egypt. According to Mr. Langles, the population of Cairo, in 1810, was 263.700 M. Mengin estimates it only at 200.000, allowing eight persons for each house; and he considers the population of Alexandria to be from 12 to 13,000. *Lon. Gazette.*

THE WAR IN BURMAH.

We have been favoured by Mr Mackey, supercargo of the Emerald, with Calcutta papers to Feb 20 inclusive. It appears that the Burmese suffered the time in which the treaty of Peace was to be ratified to expire, without taking that step, that the British thought the whole affair a trick, recommended hostilities Jan. 19, took the city of Melloon, and advanced 12 miles beyond it. In the city they found the original treaty, which had never been sen to Ava, (another account says a copy had been sent)—the British took about 30.000 rupees in money, a large magazine of grain, and a great quantity of military stores. The determination is to make peace only at the capital. One of the papers states that the British obtained 90,000 lacs of specie among their booty at Bhurtpore. *Bost. Pal.*

STEAM NAVIGATION.

A London paper received by the New York, mentions that a great discovery has been made in steam navigation, by which three-fourths of the fuel now used will be saved. The vapour of quicksilver is substituted for steam, with similar machinery, and a few precautions to prevent any waste of the metal by a pipe on the safety valve The bottom of the boiler, which is very small and strong, as compared with that in use for producing steam, is conical and the termination of the cone is in contact with the burning coals which surround it. The heat is communicated almost instantaneously to the quicksilver in the boiler, throwing it into vapour, at the temperature of 656 deg of Farenheit. Its elasticity and power can be indefinitely increased by heat, and the greater the elasticity produced, the greater the vacuum in the cylinder on opening the valve communicating with the well. The saving of stowage will be very considerable, and a ton of quicksilver will be sufficient for propelling a vessel to India and back again with 140 horse power.

COTTON FACTORIES

There is a factory in Delaware county, Pa. which, when completed, will, it is said, turn out *thirty thousand yards* of cotton cloth a week. This strikes us as something wonderful; but what is it when compared with Mr. Ashton's Factory at Hyde, near Liverpool, which contains from five hundred to six hundred power looms, and it is said, in an English paper now before us, "actually to manufacture a piece of cotton any minute in the day." *Fam. Vis.*

RATTLESNAKES.

Probably the largest collection of rattlesnakes ever exhibited, is now to be seen in this city. On Saturday, eight living rats were put into the cage, seven of which were speedily despatched by the angry and hungry reptiles, but the eighth was spared. In the course of three or four hours, the rat became somewhat familiar with his new neighbours; and before evening, when sticks were thrust in to irritate the rat, and the snakes also, in order to make the latter strike him, the rat would run among them, scamper over their backs, and hide himself from his human tormentors, beneath the scaly folds of his venemous companions.—*N. Y. Obs.*

HIGH MOUNTAINS.

From the summit of Killington Mountain, Vt. which is 3250 feet above the tide water in Boston harbour—Lake Champlain, Dartmouth College, and a large extent of the valley of the Connecticut, can be seen.

From the summit of Saddle Mountain near, Williamstown, 4000 feet above tide water, mountains can be seen in New York, Vermont, New-Hampshire, Massachusetts, and Connecticut. *Bost. Rec. & Tel.*

CULTURE OF THE VINE.

The Philadelphia Gazette observes—The vine is cultivated in Pennsylvania to an extent of which few persons have any idea. In the immediate neighbourhood of York, there are a hundred and fifty acres of vineyard. In Cumberland county, there are many vineyards, some on the tops of mountains, and some in the bosoms of valleys. In Adams, and in Westmoreland, the culture of the vine is also attended to: and one gentleman in Chester has a vineyard covering thirty acres. Only a few days ago, a house in Market street advertised for sale wine manufactured in the neighbourhood of Lancaster.

THE MISSION TO ENGLAND.

The mission of Mr. Gallatin to England is one of very high importance, perhaps the most so of any that has gone from this country since the Ghent Mission. We learn from a leading article of the National Journal, that, besides other matters in dispute, there remains to be adjusted, 1. The North Eastern Boundary. 2. The Navigation of the St. Lawrence. 3. The Boundary on the North West Coast of America. 4. The Colonial Trade. 5. The Slave Convention.

From the Lady's Magazine.

LETTER FROM A LADY TO HER DAUGHTER.

Before this can reach you, the hand that writes it, and the heart that dictates, shall be mouldering in the grave. I mean it to supply some cautions which I should think it my duty to deliver to you, should I live to see you a wife.

The precepts it contains you have often heard me inculcate, but I know that general observations on a possible event have less force than those which apply to our immediate condition. In the fate of a woman, Marriage is the most important crisis. *It* fixes her in a state of all others the most happy, or the most wretched, and though mere precept can do but little in any case, yet there is a natural propensity to try its efficacy in all. She who writes this paper has been a wife and a mother — The experience of the one, and the anxiety of the other, prompts her instruction; and she has been too happy in both characters to have much doubt of their reception. Sweetness of temper, affection to a husband, and attention to his interest, constitute the duties of a wife, and form the basis of matrimonial felicity; these are indeed the texts from which every rule for attaining this felicity is drawn.

The charms of beauty, and the brilliancy of wit, though they may captivate in the friend, will not long delight in the wife. They will shorten their own transitory reign; if, as I have seen in many wives, they shine more for the attraction of every body else, than for their husbands. Let the pleasing of that one person be a thought never absent from your conduct. If he loves you as you would wish, he will bleed at heart if he should suppose it for a moment withdrawn. If he does not, his pride will supply the place of love, and his resentment that of suffering. Never consider as a trifle what may tend to please him—the great articles of duty he will set down as his own, but the lesser attention he will mark as favours; and trust me, for I have experienced it, there is no feeling more delightful to one's self than that of turning those little things to so precious a use.

If you marry a man of a certain sort, such as the romance of young minds generally paints for a husband, you will deride the supposition of any possible decrease in the ardour of your affections; but wedlock, in its happiest state, is not exempted from the common fate of all sublunary blessings. There is ever a delusion of hope, which cannot abide with possession. The rapture of extravagant love will evaporate and waste; the conduct of the wife must substitute other regards as delicate, and more lasting; I say the conduct of the wife; for marriage, be a husband what he may, reverses the prerogative of sex; his, will expect to be pleased, and ours must be sedulous to please.— This privilege a good man may waive —he will feel it, however, due, and third persons will have penetration enough to see, and may have malice to remark, the want of it in his wife. He must be a husband unworthy of you who could bear the degradation of suffering this in silence; the idea of power, *on either side, must be totally banished* from the system; it is not sufficient that the husband should never have occasion to regret the want of it, the wife should so behave that he may never be conscious of possessing it. But my daughter, if a mother's fondness deceives me not, stands not much in need of cautions like these. I cannot allow myself the idea of her wedding a man on whom she would not be dependant, or whose inclinations a temper like hers would desire to control; she will be more in danger from that softness, and sensibility of soul, which will yield perhaps to both. The office of a wife includes the exertions of a friend; a good one must strengthen and support that weakness which a bad one would endeavour to overcome. There are situations where it would not be enough to love, cherish and obey; she must teach her husband to be at peace with himself, to be reconciled to the world, to resist misfortune, to conquer adversity.

Alas, my child, I am here an instructress but too well skilled; the tears with which this paper is soiled, fell not in the presence of your father, though now they but trace the remembrance of what then it was my lot to feel.

Think it not impossible to restrain your feelings, because they are strong. The enthusiasm of feeling will sometimes overcome distress, which the cold heart of prudence had been unable to endure. But misfortune is not always misery; I have known this truth, I am proud to believe that I have sometimes taught it to R. Thanks to that Power whose decrees I reverence. We always tempered the anguish of our sufferings, till there was a sort of luxury in feeling them. Then is the triumph of wedded love.

The tie which binds the happy may be dear, but that which links the unfortunate is tenderness unutterable.

Z. D. R.

BIRTH DAY BALL.

Matt. xiv. 6. 10.—And when Herod's birth day was kept the daughter of Herodias danced before him, and it pleased Herod—And he sent and beheaded John in prison.

The keeping of birth days is a very ancient practice, and it has been observed in various ways by different nations and individuals. The pious have generally observed the return of those seasons in a religious manner, particularly to take a retrospect of past life; to consider the circumstances of mercies under which they were born, or have been educated; to trace the special interposition of Providence in their favour; to recollect the distinguishing mercies and visitations of grace, to call to remembrance their sins; to exercise repentance, and faith in Christ for renewed pardon and grace; to serve him in newness of life; to renew, covenant and devote themselves afresh to love and serve God the remnant of their days. The irreligious spend their time on such occasions in receiving and treating company; in making or going to parties, balls and other amusements. Thus did Herod, and thus do the Herods and Herodiases of the present day. Thus did Mrs. C. who was vindicating the practice of dancing, balls, and other amusements of the kind. She said to Mr. M. a minister of Christ. "There is no harm comes of these things, sir." Do you *not* remember of ever hearing, or reading of any harm coming from dancing," said he. "It seems that one of these birth day dances cost that good old saint of God, John the Baptist, his head. as you find by reading Matt. xiv.—from 6 to 10 " This struck her. She could not but think of it. The more she reflected, the more it made her uneasy. She read the passage—she read the scripturps more, and thought more, and became convinced of the sinful tendency of such practices. Nay more, from the circumstance she became convinced of sin, and sought and obtained mercy; and from that time, her house became a house of praise and prayer, instead of a house of music and dancing.

From the Western Arminan.

THE STATE OF RELIGION AMONG THE CHEROKEES.

The following extract of a letter from the Rev. Richard Neely, shews that our missions in that quarter, are still in a comparatively prosperous condition.

"*Brother Coody's. C. N.*
March 10, 1826.

"Dear Brother— Your readers have seen, in your account of the Tennessee Conference, that I was re-appointed to Will's Valley circuit, Cherokee Nation. I reached my first appointment the 4th of December 1825; and by the continued interposition of Divine Goodness, I have been enabled to attend so regularly to my mission as to fill all my appointments.

"I have not yet obtained any person to ride with, and interpret for me; nor do I as yet see any certain prospect that I shall have such assistance.

"One of the most amiable traits in the character of this people is to be strongly attached to, and highly esteem those of their acquaintance in whom they have confidence. Never did I see this more strikingly and fully demonstrated than on my return from Conference to this place. They appeared to receive me with uncommon pleasure; they welcomed me as a returning brother; and their conduct towards me has continued to be of the most friendly and Christian character.

"Notwithstanding the severity of the winter, and the comparatively unprepared condition of many to endure it, I have generally had considerable congregations of attentive and seemingly interested hearers; and though, as yet, we have not had many conversions, we have been favoured with some seasons of great rejoicing. God has graciously made one in our midst, and filled our souls with joy and peace. The members of society appear to be advancing in the knowledge and love of God; and in proportion as they advance in the divince life, they manifest a concern for the salvation and happiness of others. And this concern for their friends and acquaintances is not in vain, for many of them have been successful in turning sinners from "darkness to light, and from the power of Satan, to the living God." Finally, the glorious work of religion is progressing among us, the cause of God is advancing, and the benign influence of Christianity is seen and felt by many once benighted heathens. Upon the whole, I think the prospects of our being useful here, as teachers and preachers, was never more flattering than it is at present. O! that these prospects may increase, that we may realize more than ever our fondest hopes, that the Great Head of the infant church in this nation may bless and eternally save it in heaven!

"Yours, &c. in missionary bonds,

"RICHARD NEELY."

ANECDOTE.

Frederick, the late king of Prussia, having rung his bell one day, and nobody answearing, opened the door, and found the page waiting asleep on a sofa. He was just going to awake him, when he perceived the end of a paper out of his pocket, on which something was written; this excited his curiosity; he pulled it out, and found it to be a letter from the mother of the page, thanking him for having sent her part of his wages, which had proved a very timely assistance to her, and in conclusion, beseeching God to bless him for his filial duty.

The king stepped softly to his room, took a rolleau of ducats, and slipt them with the letter into the page's pocket. Returning to his apartment, he rang so violently, that the page awoke, opened the door, and entered.—"You have been asleep," said the king. The page attempted to excuse himself; and in his embarrassment, happening to put his hand into his pocket, felt with astonishment the rolleau. He drew it out, turned pale, and looking at the king, burst into tears, and without being able to speak a work. "What is matter!" said the king; "what ails you!" "Ah! sire," said the young man, throwing himself at his majesty's feet, "somebody wishes to ruin me: I know not how I came by this money in my pocket." "What God bestows," resumed the king, "He bestows in sleep; send the money to your mother; salute her in my name, and assure her that I shall take care of both her and you."

Fanaticism and prejudice are sometimes victorious over demonstration itself. But such is the force of example; that even our enemies are sometimes penetrated with admiration, and constrained to bear testimony in our favour. It is observed of Bishop Jewell, that his affability of behaviour and sancity of life made a fierce and bigotted papist sometimes say of him, "I should love thee, Jewell, if thou wert not a Zuinglian. In thy faith thou art a heretic; but surely in thy life thou art an angel! Thou art very good and honest, but a Lutheran."

PELICANS.

On Sunday evening last, the little point of the Peninsula was visited with eight of these birds. Mr. Greenwood, of the United States' works, killed seven of them at one shot, and the other escaped. These are the first, we believe, that have ever been seen in this part of the world. The largest measured about eight feet from one end of the wing to the other; and about four feet from the toe to the tip of the bill.

Erie Gaz.

Liberation of Slaves.—It is said, that 3,600 slaves have been captured and liberated on the Coast of Africa during the last twelve months, by the squadron under the command of Com. Bullen.

ADMONITION FROM THE DEATH BED.

"Death's shafts fly thick! Here falls the village swain,
And there his pampered lord! The cup goes round,
And who so artful as to put it by?"
Blair's Grave.

Philander was born of respectable parents in the town of —— , Vermont. In the year 18—, his father removed with his family, into the western district of N. Y. where he resided till the time of his death. Philander, at the time of his removal, had arrived at the years of manhood, and sustained a fair and unblemished character. He was temperate, industrious and frugal; and much esteemed by his acquaintance. His natural talents were much above mediocrity. Indeed, nature had furnished him with a vigorous and ready mind, the powers of which were cultivated by an excellent education. At an early age he married into a respectable family, settled in business, and succeeded in his attempts to gain property. He gradually rose in the estimation of his fellow citizens, and successively was called to different offices of trust and profit, the duties of which he discharged to general satisfaction He now stood on elevated ground: but such was his reputation and character, that the breath of envy fell not on him. During these years, he made no profession of piety, and entertained no well grounded hope of future blessedness. He was uniform in his attendance upon public worship, and liberal in support of gospel institutions. Possessing a generous and open heart, he was always ready to give, even beyond his ability, to any public object, or to relieve a person in distress. Indeed, at this period of his life, he lent all his influence, and all his exertions, for the accomplishment of those public or benevolent objects which were presented to him; and in this respect was eminently useful. Few persons of equal ability, have done more than he did. But with all these engaging and amiable traits of character, still he was not a Christian.

In January, 1808, he united with the Presbyterian Church in ——, and was regarded as an active, devoted and practical professor. His talents, property, and influence, enabled him to be of great service to the church of which he was a member, and to the cause of Christ in general. His ability for usefulness, and his apparent piety, led the church to elect him one of their deacons. In this office he continued for some years, till he requested the church to permit him to resign it to one more calculated for usefulness, than himself.

As a man and as a Christian, Philander had as yet, generally, appeared well. He had his failings; and who is exempt? The mantle of charity was thrown over his foibles —faults, if we please to call them; and as he was ever ready to confess his frailties, so his brethren were ready to forgive them.

He was in some respects a peculiar man His mind was all energy. When he was joyful, he was *rapturous*; when his repentings were kindled within him, they were deep, and he was willing to humble himself in the dust, and make the most full and ample confessions In him, centered many estimable qualities—qualities, which will ever adorn the man and the Christian.

I have said Philander had his faults. Could he have died five years since, the painful emotions which now press upon the mind of the writer, would never have existed. A sense of duty, and that only urges him to attempt to

—"draw his frailties from their dread abode."

Five years since a most powerful work of grace occurred in the town of which Philander was a resident. Christians arose to duty; sinners awoke to repentance. The groans of the sinner burdened with guilt, and the song of the captive, delivered from the wiles of Satan, were heard in almost every house. It was a day of triumph to the church—a season of dismay to her enemies. In this revival, Philander took an active and decided part. Day and night, he devoted himself to warning the impenitent, and to instructing and encouraging the soul just born. His feelings naturally ardent, now glowed with an intensity peculiar to himself. Many now living, can tell how he exhorted and how he prayed in that time of rejoicing. Would to God, that to this picture there was no reverse. But there is, and a sad one too. Looking at Philander at that time, and during the three last years of his life, the writer can but exclaim—

"If thou be'st he;—but O, how fallen!"

The revival mentioned passed away. Christians sunk into a decline, ten-fold more dreadful than that which preceded the awakening. The world seemed to take a deeper and firmer hold upon their hearts The instruction of children began to be neglected; the youth pursued the vanities of time, without restraint. Their minister was dismissed, and for a time public worship was neglected. As Philander had been one of the first in the revival, so he took the lead in the path of declension. He forsook the closet; laid his guilty hands upon the family altar, and it became a heap of ruins; seldom attended meeting, and gave up all intercourse with heaven. Repeatedly during the year past, has he told the writer, that he lived without prayer "I have," said he, "no communion with God I do not pray in my family, and but seldom attempt it in the closet. I feel that I am a stranger to religion. I have no evidence that I ever was a Christian." When urged to return to duty, he would reply, "I cannot, I am so immersed in the world, and lead such a life, that I cannot think of prayer." But the half is not yet told. Well, O, well would it have been, if Philander had stopped here. The paths of sin are downward paths, and one step only prepares for another This Philander found true. He first forsook his closet; then prayer in the family; then the instruction of his children; then the house and the ordinances of God; then profaned the Sabbath; and then became *Intemperate*.

Three years before his death, the friends of Philander had seen with alarm the demon of intemperance, fixing his deadly grasp upon him. The bloated cheeks, the livid countenance, and the tottering footsteps, proclaimed but too plainly the fatal truth. His excellent and pious wife, did all she could to hide his sin, and if tears and entreaties and admonitions would have reformed him, he had not fallen a prey to the shameless vice. But so infatuated was he, that he willingly sacrificed his character, the feelings of his amiable companion and lovely children, and every thing dear to him in life, yea, *his hopes of eternal glory*, to the gratification of his unrestrained appetite. He was counselled and admonished by his brethren, but all would not do. Freely and more freely he drank, till the springs of life had dried up, and his feet stood on the edge of the grave. And even then, he was insensible to his condition, till his physician told him he was a dying man. Then he partially awoke; but what could he do! "*Ten thousand worlds for one week more*," was his request. But no. A few *hours* numbered him with the dead, and sent his soul to judgment. Almost his last words were "———" but they must be suppressed. They open reflections too painful.

Thus lived and thus died Philander. His sun set in clouds, and the end of his path was darkness. Yet we are not to decide upon his state. This is the province of Him who inhabiteth eternity. But here is a lesson for all the living to learn. Professed Christians especially should see their danger. It is not a mere profession of piety which will give peace in a dying hour. There must be something more—a deep and radical work, a uniform and consistent walk.—*West. Rec.*

PASTORAL DUTIES TO THE AFFLICTED.

In the discharge of parochial duties, the sick and the afflicted will have the strongest claims upon your time and attention. Let these claims always be held sacred. Wait not to be sent for. Hasten to them as soon as you know that they are in distress. And while on your way to the sick chamber, or the house of mourning, lift up your soul in prayer to God, that he will put thoughts into your heart and words into your mouth; that he will enable you to be faithful and bless your visit. If the sickness be severe, let your remarks be few and direct, and your prayers commonly short; but let your calls be frequent. When there is imminent danger in the case, study not to conceal it; but urge upon the sick man the infinite importance of immediate preparation for death. If it is one of the sheep, or one of the lambs of Christ's flock, who is about to be called home, and is rejoicing in the prospect, talk of heaven, of deliverance from sin, of the excellence of Christ, of the glory of God, and of the songs of the redeemed.

If it is the dying bed of an impenitent sinner to which you are called, and he is stupid; O, if it be possible, sound a note of alarm so deep, that it shall awake his slumbering conscience; and at the same time so affectionate, that he shall thank and love you for your faithfulness. Hold no fellowship with that cruel affection which conceals from a dying friend his danger, or which "cries, peace, when there is no peace." If the dying sinner is alarmed, and his transgressions are at last set in order before him, beware that you do not comfort him too soon. Many, I fear, have been destroyed in this way. The law was doing its work, and would have brought them to the cross of Christ, but for the pains which were prematurely taken to convince them that their sins were forgiven, and that all was safe.—Rejoice in it, if you have good evidence that a sinner has been plucked as a brand from the burning at the very close of life; but in your preaching and conversation lay very little stress upon a death-bed repentance. I fear that it is seldom genuine; and however, it may be, why should you in this way encourage others to put off repentance to the last extremity, when there is so little probability that they will even be awakened at the close of life!

Dr. Humphrey's Sermon.

THE
Luminary.

Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

LEXINGTON:
WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 9, 1826.

AGENTS FOR THIS PAPER.

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REVIVAL IN DANVILLE.

We are rejoiced to learn that the Revival in Danville still continues to progress. In addition to the 24 mentioned in our last, three adult persons were baptised, on a profession of their faith in Christ, on the last Sabbath of July; and during the last week, we are informed, twelve more obtained a hope of the pardon of their sins, and are rejoicing in the Saviour. The work commenced in the College, where it still continues; but it has spread through the whole town and neighbourhood. We hope some of our friends in that place will favour us with a detailed account of the Lord's doings amongst them.

THE BOATMAN.

"The consolations of religion are boundless as the ocean."
TILLETSON.

I have long been accustomed to hope, even when events have appeared to make despondency prudent and hope presumptuous. There was a time when experience had shewn the thorough hollowness of its specious promises, and amidst the wreck of fair prospects, and in the anguish of lacerated feelings, I almost resolved to be duped by its delusions no longer.

Absorbed in gloomy recollections, I had unconsciously reached the ferry.—"Boat, Sir," from several quarters, broke my reverie. The advantage of rowing me to the opposite shore, was eagerly contested by the watermen. As reason could not decide this important matter, its determination was left to chance, and the fortunate claimant bore me off in his wherry.

The impressions of early life are seldom forgotten. In one of my first school books I was struck with the description of two opposite characters. One could see nothing in his walks to awaken attention or to give pleasure, while the other found sources of amusement and instruction at every step. From that time I determined to imitate the latter, and this determination was confirmed by Sterne's contempt of the man who could travel from Dan to Beersheba, and cry, "Tis all barren." I have, therefore, constantly sought information and amusement from those against whom circumstances have jostled me, and have often found both under the most unpromising exterior. According to custom I commenced a conversation with the boatman.—"At what hour does the moon rise to night?" "Tis high water, Sir, about half past seven"—and, after a pause—"the moon gets up about the same time." "It gives a good light now," continued he, half addressing me, and half himself, "and I like to walk home by it, better than by day, or any other time."

I looked at him more narrowly than before, expecting to find a youth, whom love had given a predilection for the light of Endymion's mistress, and whose absence some fair nymph of the flood was at that moment deploring. One glance at his furrowed and sun-burnt face, which was now turned full upon me, destroyed this conjecture I became, therefore, more curious to know the cause of this unusual sentimentalism in a form so uncongenial, and asked him his reason for this preference.

"Because, sir, tis the time when I'm apt to forget the troubles of this world, in hope of the next."

"Is your home distant?"

"I live three miles off, at the bottom of the bay."

"You recollect then the effects of the last great storm."

"Oh yes, Sir, that's a sort of thing one never forgets. Such havoc among the craft in the bay, and the houses and cellars ashore, and worse than all, one poor fellow killed by the fall of a house that the tide washed away.—'Twas a fearful time. There was a solid wall, six feet thick, and many yards long, heaved out of its place upon the beach, as easy as I can turn this paddle."

I was infected by the waterman's mournful tale. "And is this," said I to myself, "the same element whose polished surface is now so calm and unruffled?"

"You scarcely expect to witness another storm so violent," said I, resuming the conversation.

"'Tis'nt likely, sir, in these parts; but the same hand that sent that, may, for our wickedness, send another. Ah, sir, the sea is a dreadful and a deceitful master, to say the best of it. I have got my bread upon it all my life time, and three times narrowly escaped drowning. Once, and more to my shame I speak it, I was drunk when I fell overboard. What if I had gone to another world in that condition! but a ship mate caught me by the hair of the head and saved me. The second time, when quite sober, I was knocked overboard by the jibing of the sail? 'Tis a long time ago, but the frightful feelings of the time make me shiver whenever I call them to mind. I have been in action, and have heard the terrible thunder claps in the West Indies; but they were nothing to the stunning sounds of the water in my ears. But I was spared, and live to grieve for the loss of two fine boys in the same devouring deep."

"Your sons, I suppose?"

"Yes; the oldest was one and twenty; he was lost at sea. The youngest was drowned in the harbour here before he was sixteen. That very time I was employed assisting the ferry boat, which had upset in the gale, little thinking that my own poor child was then drowning so near me."

"Was the storm particularly violent?"

"The squall was so heavy for the time, Sir, that I dared not keep the head of my boat off the wind for fear she should be taken on the broadside and upset. Bad news flies apace. I soon heard my son was drowned; 'twas a sad stroke, for he was a good boy, and had never left me and his mother from the day he was born, till within seven months, when he went aboard the ship. The lieutenant's wife cried like a baby—and 'twas some comfort to me to hear that he never swore an oath all the time he had been aboard. My oldest was rather wild, and I sometimes have heavy thoughts about him; but the Lord can work his own will, and that gives me hope."

"Have you no other children?"

"Yes, Sir, thank God, I have; but 'tis a melancholy thought, when the young ones, that we reckoned would be our succour and support, are taken away before us old weatherbeaten hulks. But then 'tis as God pleases; we have all our troubles, more or less, and 'tis a short voyage to eternity, where I hope to meet my children again."

I felt reproved before the patient resignation of this son of toil and sorrow, and welcomed hope once more to my bosom. The boat had reached the landing place. I landed, and trebled the waterman's fare, in token of my sympathy with his grief, and of the beneficial effects of his simple narrative upon my feelings.—*Extract from "the Blank Book."*

THE OLD GAMESTER.

An old ruined gamester, in hopes to make a prey of a young gentleman that came to town with his pockets full of money, took him to a gaming house, and there, to encourage him to play, shewed him several topping sparks that were born to no fortune, who by play had purchased great estates; and lived in pomp and splendour, by success in shaking their elbows.

"You shew me," says the young gentleman, "the winners, but I pray what has become of the losers?" To which the old prig making no reply, a third person, overhearing their conversation, told the young gentleman, that since the other was silent and confounded with shame at the question, he would oblige him with an answer.—"Many of those losers," saith he, "taking the highway to repair their losses, have been hanged; others are gone to sea to earn their bread; some have taken up the trade of being bullies to baudy-houses; others, that have not hid themselves as servants under a livery, are begging or mumping about the streets, or starving in jails for debt, where you will be ere long, if you follow that rascal's counsel." "The punishment," says the young gentleman, "is fit for the sin, when men, possessed with great sums of their own money, will play the fool to make it another man's; and, if this be the humour of the town, I will return again to the country, and spend my estate among my neighbours and tenants, where you, sir," speaking to the gentleman who dealt so plainly with him, "shall be very welcome."

CHARLES CARROLL.

The National Journal furnishes the subjoined extract from a letter of

the venerable Charles Carroll of Carrollton, the only surviving signer of the Declaration of Independence.

"On the 20th of this month, I entered into my eighty-ninth year This, in any country, would be deemed a long life, yet, as you observe, if it has not been directed to the only end for which man was created, it is a mere nothing, an empty phantom, an indivisible point, compared with eternity. Too much of my time and attention have been misapplied on matters to which an impartial judge, penetrating the secrets of hearts, before whom I shall soon appear, will not ascribe merit deserving recompense. On the mercy of my Redeemer I rely for salvation, and on his merits; not on the works I have done in obedience to his precepts, for even these, I fear, a mixture of alloy will render unavailing, and cause to be rejected."

COLLECTION OF COINCIDENCES.

There are many surprising coincidences in regard to the lives and deaths of Mr. Adams and Mr. Jefferson.—They commenced their political lives together—both rose gradually—both became foreign ministers of the highest grade, and both were subsequently elected to the highest station in the nation. They were the only two who signed the Declaration of Independence on the Fourth of July, 1776, who were alive on the same day 1826. Both were *on* the committee who drafted that document. One of them was the writer, and the other the seconder of the motion for adopting it. Political events subsequently made them rivals, and bitter enemies of each other. Both were the leaders of opposite parties. Both were the most prominent objects of the bitterest invective of their foes, and the most boisterous praise of their friends.—Both, after retiring from the high stations, the contention for which had estranged them, found themselves in the same political ranks—became friends—and both died on the same day, on the fiftieth anniversary of the important event in which they were engaged together. Mr. Jefferson died the same hour in the day during which the Declaration was adopted, and Mr. Adams on the same hour in which it was promulgated to the people. And both were natives of the only States which have ever furnished the Union with a President. A further remarkable coincidence is the fact, that of our ex Presidents, John Adams was eight years older than Thomas Jefferson; Thomas Jefferson eight years older than James Madison; James Madison eight years older than James Monroe; and James Monroe eight years older than John Quincy Adams. Mr. Adams was the only President who has been succeeded in the highest office by his son, and he was the only President who had a son to succeed him. And the son has been elected to the high trust by the same party which elected the father. This is the most wonderful chapter of coincidence that we ever saw. *N. Y. Com. Advertiser.*

The apparent contradictions in the different papers with respect to the hour at which the Declaration of Independence was adopted, and at which it was promulgated, can be easily reconciled. It was *adopted* by Congress between the hours of 12 and 1 o'clock, in independence hall: it was first publicly read to the people about 5 o'clock in the afternoon in the State House yard.

Its *author* lived fifty years after its *adoption;* its *advocate* lived fifty years after its promulgation. *Phila. Gaz.*

HORRID TRANSACTION.

PARIS, Ky. Aug. 2.

Between the hours of two and three o'clock, to-day, Mr. JOHN BLAKE, of Ohio, was shot, within about seven miles of this place, on the road leading to Lexington. From the testimony given before the court of inquiry, which was called immediately, in this place, it appeared that the ball penetrated the left breast, and passed across without entering the interior of the chest. We have since learned, that the ball was taken out on the opposite side.—The wound was at first, thought to be highly dangerous, but further discoveries induce a belief, that it will not prove mortal. A brief outline of the circumstances which led to, and attended the perpetration of this deed, are as follows. On Sabbath night, the 16th of last month, Mr. Blake lodged at the house of a Mr. Reubin Rankin, between this place and Lexington, where he declared he was robbed of 1175 dols., in United States' paper. Blake commenced a prosecution against Rankin, in which Rankin had been committed for trial before the circuit court; but, giving bail for his appearance, he was set at liberty. On this day, Rankin and Blake had an interview, in which Rankin had proposed terms of compromise, to which however, Blake would not accede. They separated: Rankin took a rifle, placed himself in the corner of a corn field, by the side of the road, and as Blake was passing, Rankin shot him. Blake returned to the house where they had stopped, exclaiming, he was killed. Mr. Hallack at whose house they had dined, ran out, on hearing the report of the gun, and the exclamations of the wounded man, and perceived Rankin returning, cursing and swearing he had killed him, and that he had come for that express purpose—declaring, Blake had murdered the character of the Rankin family, and that he would rather die than endure it. He immediately surrendered, was taken before a court of inquiry, and committed for further trial. *West. Observer.*

COVINGTON, July 31st, 1826.

The beating mill at the powder mills, mouth of Mill creek, Cincinnati, blew up this morning at about half after five o'clock. Grimes the miller, and Paxton assistant miller, were both killed instantaneously. The accident happened while the workmen were taking out of the mortars the powder that had been beat on Saturday. The injury to the mill was about 200 dolls.

BEAUCHAMP AND WIFE.

The following letter was written by Mrs. Beauchamp two days before her death: and addressed to a lady in Frankfort, from whom she had received some kindness during her voluntary confinement. The letter was delivered by Beauchamp's father after the Execution. It seems from the letter, that the writer expected that both she and Beauchamp would be dead, (by the use of laudanum) before morning.

July 5th, 1826.

Dear Madam,

I should be wanting in that gratitude I owe you, could *I* withhold *this last tribute to your exalted worth.* This day's sun will set, to rise no more upon my unfortunate husband and myself. But we die happy and contented. His spirit soars aloft in the conscious rectitude of his life. He dies without a sigh of regret for his early fate. He dies for pursuing the dearest dictates of his conscience. I feel that he has done right; that he has done a glorious and just action, in the sight of all just spirits in the wide universe. Although he was my all on earth—without whom I would never have lived in any event: and although the death of Col. Sharp has caused both of us our lives, yet strange as it may seem to some, I can never regret. No; I would deliberately have chosen the day Mr. Beauchamp started to Frankfort to kill Col. Sharp, to have laid down with him, as I shall this evening do; and have gladly quit the world, rather than Col. Sharp should have lived. These were the mutual feelings which we then expressed, and we do not shrink from acting up to them. As for myself, whatever weak minds may say of it, I glory to die with the lord of my bosom's love, who so freely dies for me. I am sensible no one can possibly conceive of the happy, cheerful tranquility—nay, joy, with which we await our destined hour to quit this world. A few hours more, and we shall be in eternity. Your kindness and sympathy, my dear madam, also adds a most gratifying solace to the mind of your grateful but dying

ANNA BEAUCHAMP.

Mrs. ——

SUMMARY.

The American Asylum at Hartford, for the instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, now contains 115 scholars.—Almost all the male pupils, during the past year, have devoted a few hours each day to the acquisition of a trade. They are taught by persons of experience and skill, and their progress has been satisfactory. They are thus prepared to leave the Asylum with the means of acquiring a livelihood.

Funeral of Mr. Jefferson.—A letter from the University of Virginia, states that Mr. Jefferson was buried on the 5th of July, without pomp or ceremony, in compliance with his dying request, in the cemetry of Monticello.

It appears from governor Morrill's message, that a profit of $13,000 has been derived from the New Hampshire State prison, within the last year.

Cherokee Indians.—The Council has refused to permit the Civil Engineer of this State, to make the surveys necessary to the contemplated Canal or Rail Road between Tennessee and Georgia. In consequence the Governor has directed several companies of cavalry to hold themselves in readiness to march for the protection of the Engineers. *Geo. Rep.*

Imperfect Bank Notes.—In a late trial Before the United States Circuit Court, it was decided that, notwithstanding their notice of not intending to pay their notes when cut, Banks were liable to pay them, having no right to establish any such rule.

FIRE AT PETERSBURG.—A fire broke out in Petersburg, Va. on Saturday July 15, about 11 o'clock, A. M. just as the people had nearly all assembled at Blandford Church, to perform the funeral rites of the late Ex-Presidents *Adams* and *Jefferson*. Ten to fifteen houses were burnt; but little property lost, it mostly being insured.

The Ohio canal loan, for one million of dollars, has been contracted for by Mr. J. Astor, of N. York, who gave a premium for six per cent. stock. It is said that upwards of two millions and a half of dollars were offered to the commissioners.

The amount of duties paid into the State Treasury by the ten Auctioneers of the city of Philadelphia for the quarter ending on the 31st day of May, exceeds thirty-five thousand dollars.

Pennsylvania according to the last census, has a population of 1,049,458.

New York, according to the last census, has a population of 1,322,312.

Death of the Empress of Russia.—The widow of the late Emperor Alexander, as she truly perdicted, has not long survived her imperial husband. We have received the following account of her demise.

Hamburg, June 2.—Authentic and afflicting accounts have been received, that her Majesty, the widow of the late Emperor of Russia, Elizabeth, died on the 4th (16th May,) in Belew, on her journey from Taganrok to Maluga.

The total amount of money received by the Greek committee of Paris, from May 16th to 20th, was 51,341 francs: from Jan. 1st to May 20th, 443,053 francs, (nearly 90,000 dollars.)

PALESTINE MISSION.

Extracts from late communications from the Rev. Mr. Goodell.

About nine o'clock in the evening of May 3d, Signior Carabet came in, and said that he had had a very long conversation with a number of Armenian pilgrims, who had just arrived from Jerusalem, and that he thought some of them would purchase the Holy Scriptures. I immediately took four Turko-Armenian Testaments, which were all I had in the house, and accompanied him to their place of encampment, at least half a mile distant. I found nine men and four women seated in a semicircle on the green grass. They were from Orfa, the ancient "Ur of the Chaldees," the birth place of Abraham, in whose seed all the families of the earth are to be blessed; and near to Haran, where Terah died, and Laban lived, and Leah and Rachel spent their youthful days. Three months had elapsed, since they commenced the pilgrimage, and they would probably be another month on the road.

After they left Jerusalem their animals were forcibly taken from them by the notorious Aboo Goosh, and they remained several days at Arimathea, with the hope of recovering them, but in vain. They procured others, and proceeded on their way; but, on reaching Beyroot, two days ago, all their animals were seized for the Tartars to carry some express for the Pasha, and the poor pilgrims were waiting their return.

After taking a seat with them upon the ground, and accepting a long pipe, I listened to the sad story of their misfortunes and their wrongs, and endeavoured to give them some consolation. Signior Carabet then produced the Testaments. After looking at them a few moments, by the aid of those fires, which the great God hath kindled in the firmament of heaven to give light by night, they immediately purchased the whole, and expressed a wish for more. I told them that the depot was not a mile distant, and that I would go and bring them as many as they wanted. They all arose as one man and lifting up their hands to heaven, with one accord said, 'Praise be to God." I said, "How many more will you take?" They answered, "Ten." As I wished to have a few in the house with me, I took thirteen from the depot, but, on returning to the pilgrims, they purchased the whole, making seventeen in all. Observing a woman very eager in purchasing one, I said to her, "Good woman can you read?" "No," she replied, "but I wish to carry one home to my son." Putting a Testament in her hand, I said, "Tell your son to receive this as a letter from heaven, as an epistle from his Maker.

As they hoped to depart early on the morrow, and as there was no possibility of any "falling from an upper loft," I continued conversing with them till near midnight, and left them "not a little comforted." Who can tell but that some of them, like the Eunuch, who had been up to Jerusalem for to worship, may become savingly acquainted with the Gospel! Who can tell, but that some of them may rejoice for ever and ever, that they were detained at this place, though by Turkish oppression!

LETTER FROM MR. FISK TO MR. TEMPLE.

The following letter from Mr. Fisk to Mr Temple, was dictated only three days before his death. It shows the views of the mission, entertained by that distinguished missionary, in circumstances when he must have taken an impartial survey of all earthly scenes and labours.

Beyroot, Oct 20, 1825.

My dearly beloved brother Temple. —On the confines of eternity, as I suppose, I send you a last token of my love, and a last farewell. Viewing myself, as I now do, a dying man, the great and holy cause in which we are engaged, presents itself to my mind with indescribable importance. We have both had slight *disappointments and troubles in our* work, but they are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be, as we trust, revealed in us. At this solemn moment, I seem unable to recollect any thing that deserves the name of trial, disappointment, or sacrifice. The history of my life has been a history of mercies and of sins! My only hope is in the unmerited mercy of Christ. I trust, that, for sixteen or seventeen years, I have found his service pleasant, and him a faithful and gracious Master, though I have been constantly violating his laws, and wandering from his presence.

I wish you a long and useful life, and much communion with Christ. My kindest love to Mrs. Temple. My prayer is, that you may long live and be happy together! and the Lord grant that your children may be early sanctified by his grace, and live to occupy the places made vacant in this mission by the calling of one and another of us to himself.

Your dying brother, P FISK

Mr Bird, who wrote the letter at Mr. Fisk's dictation, says, that when the dying missionary came to say, that the history of his life had been "a history of mercies and of *sins*," his voice faltered, so that Mr B was obliged to ask him to repeat it. "When I had read this letter—says Mr. Temple—I felt as if I heard the voice of one of the saints made perfect, speaking to me from his happy abode on Mount Zion above. Never in my life did the world seem to retire so far from me, and heaven approach so near. I could not help saying with the greatest emphasis, Let me die as he died, and let my last end be like his."

Missionary Herald.

RESULT OF MISSIONS.

A scene in the Sandwich Islands.

August 5. This morning I went to Coxe, intending to purchase some goats. I expected to find him as usual, either sleeping or smoking, or drinking, or busy trafficking like myself.—The door of his hut was half open, and I was about to enter unceremoniously, when a scene, too striking ever to be forgotten, and which would require the hand of a master painter to do it justice, suddenly arrested my whole attention.

About a dozen natives of both sexes were seated in a circle, on the matted floor of the apartment, and in the midst of them sat John Honoree, the Otaheitan catechist. These catechists are converted natives who are appointed to impart to their less enlightened brethren, the instruction they have themselves received. All eyes were bent upon him; and the variously expressive features of each individual, marked the degree of interest excited by what was passing in his mind. So absorbed, indeed, were they in their reflections, that my abrupt appearance at the door created for some time neither interruption nor remark. The speaker held in his hand the Gospel of St. John, as published at Otaheite, and was endeavouring, by signs and familiar illustrations, to render its contents easy of comprehension. His simple and energetic manner added weight to his opinions, and proved that he spoke from personal conviction, the sincere and unpremeditated language of the heart.

The chief himself stood in the back ground, a little apart from the rest, leaning upon the shoulders of an attendant. A gleam of light suddenly fell upon his countenance, and disclosed features, on which wonder, anxiety, and seriousness, were imprinted in the strongest characters. He wore no other dress than the *maro* round the waist; but his tall athletic form, and bust seen bending over the other's shoulders, and dignified demeanour, marked at one glance, his rank and superiority over all around. One hand was raised instinctively to his head in a pensive attitude. His knitted brows bespoke intense thought; and his piercing black eye was fixed upon the speaker with an inquiring, penetrating look, as much as to say,—"Can what you tell us be really true?" I gazed for some minutes with mute astonishment, turning my regards from one to the other, and dreading to intrude upon the privacy of persons whose time was so usefully employed. At last the chief turned round, and motioned with his hand in a dignified manner, for me to withdraw. I did so; but carried away in my heart the remembrance of a scene to which the place, the people, and the occasion, united in attaching a peculiar interest.—*Mathison's Travels.*

CHEROKEE MISSION.

A letter from the Rev. William Chamberlain, to a gentleman in Greensborough, Vt. dated "Williston, Cherokee Nation, April 29, 1826," says:

"You will expect some particulars respecting this station. The gospel has had powerful effects upon the natives of this neighbourhood, even upon those who have not heartily embraced it. When I came with my family to reside here, three years ago, there was but one man within the distance of nearly twenty miles each way, who was not frequently intoxicated. They used to meet together nearly every week, to frolic, drink whiskey, and fight; but now, there are not more than two or three, in this vicinity, who get intoxicated, and they seldom. They have not had a frolic for more than two years; but meet often to pray, and sing songs of Zion, and to tell each other what they know of the way of salvation. They are improving their farms and making their houses more comfortable. We feel that we have great cause to thank God, and take courage. Our church here consists of twenty-one members: 14 Cherokees, 6 whites, 1 black. And all the members appear to be walking in the fear of the Lord."

THE BURMAN MISSION.

In the No of the American Baptist Magazine for July, there are four interesting letters from our American Missionaries, three of which are dated at Chitpore, near Calcutta, and one written on board the ship Asia. There is also in the same valuable Magazine, a letter from an English Baptist Missionary, W. H. Pierce, son of that most excellent man, Rev. Samuel Pierce, deceased, formerly of Birmingham, Eng. All these give the most encouraging hopes that the Mission to Burmah may be speedily resumed with prospect of success, when the terms of peace shall have been adjusted. Mr. and Mrs. Wade, with Mr and Mrs. Boardman, are studying the Burman

language under the direction of a native teacher, and may converse in Burman as much as if in the country. We regret that we can yet communicate no certain intelligence respecting Mr. and Mrs. Judson. Probably one of the first arrivals from Calcutta will bring us some information.

RUSSIA.

The progress of the scriptures in Russia, is arrested by the imperial *ukase* of the new Emperor, suspending the active operations of the Russian Bible Society. The "difficulties," of which he speaks, are not mentioned The secret probably is to be found in the fact, that the Bible is the great pioneer of civil as well as religious liberty—and teaches subjects their rights and princes their duties *Philadelphian*

THE UKASE.

Having taken into consideration the representations of your eminence, and of the Metropolitan Eugenius, respecting the difficulties which present themselves to the progress of the cause of the Russian Bible Society, and considering your opinions well founded, I order you, as President of said Society, to suspend its activity in all its operations, without exception, until my further permission. You are hereby empowered to extend this my order to all the Committees, branches, and associations, connected with the Society throughout Russia, and at the same time to obtain a particular account of all property, moveable and immoveable, in houses, lands, books, materials, and money, belonging to the Society, wherever these are to be found, and to furnish me the most accurate and circumstantial information possible thereof. The sale of the Holy Scriptures already printed in Sclavonian and Russian, as also in the other languages in use among the inhabitants of the Russian empire, I permit to be continued at the fixed prices.

(Signed) NICHOLAS.

His eminence immediately ordered a stop to be put to the printing of the versions at the present under the press, &c. and to make up the account as soon as possible.

REVIVALS.

Jamaica. L. I.—The revival at this place continues. About 100 are said to be subjects of the work. On the second Sabbath in July, seventy-five persons were added to the Presbyterian Church there, seventy-two of whom were on profession of their faith in the salvation of the Gospel.

An interesting work of grace has been commenced in the village of *Herkimer*.—The "still small voice" of God has been heard there; and within three weeks, about twenty persons indulge a hope that they have passed from death to life. *West. Rec.*

The New-Hampshire Repository and Observer remarks:

We have just been informed that in the society of Rev. Mr. Dana in Orford and Farley, where a revival commenced in April last, the work still continues with animating prospects. Between 50 and 60, it is hoped, have become the subjects of God's renewing grace. The work has extended into the other society in Orford under the charge of Rev. Mr. Farnsworth. A considerable number here also, have entertained hopes.

In Lyndonburgh, seventy are said to give evidence of having recently passed from death unto life. A pleasing work, we understand, has recently commenced at Goffstown Some have given evidence of having embraced the Saviour as he is offered in the gospel, and many others are under pungent convictions, and inquiring with solicitude what they shall do to be saved.

We learn from Springfield, Mass. that twenty individuals were Sabbath before last, admitted to Mr. Osgood's church; and that the gradual work of grace, which has been going on there for a number of weeks past, still continues, and is thought to be increasing in interest.

We hear of revivals having commenced in two or three Female Academies in New England In Wenham a large number have been hopefully converted In Northampton the work is great. *Rec. & Tel.*

We learn with pleasure, that the Church of Christ in Charleston, South Carolina, late under the pastoral care of the Rev. Dr. Furman, and now having the Rev. B. Manly "to their minister," is at this time experiencing the special blessing of God, in the outpouring of his Spirit. —About 40 have been immersed in the name of the sacred Trinity, on a profession of their faith, and added to the Church.—*Christ. Secretary.*

The Enon Baptist Church of Cincinnati was constituted on the 11th Jan. 1820, with twenty-nine members; since which she has increased to two hundred and sixty-nine. Thirty-six have been dismissed by letter; deceased, &c. 12; her present number amounts to two hundred and twenty one.—*West. R.l. Mag.*

ENCOURAGING PROSPECTS IN BOSTON.

While we receive animating intelligence of the progress of religion in other places, it is pleasing to add, that God has not left himself entirely without witness in this city. Since the commencement of the year, it is believed that as many as 30 individuals in the Rev. Mr. Green's society, and a considerable number in Dr. Beecher's, have chosen that good part which shall not be taken from them In the former society for three or four months past, and in the latter for several weeks, the number attending the Inquiry Meetings has varied, according to the weather and other circumstances, from 20 to as many as 50.—*Bost. Rec. & Tel.*

SABBATH SCHOOL FRUITS.

An examination of the Sabbath School at Vernon Centre, N. Y. took place on the 14th May last, before a numerous audience. The present state of the school, compared with what it was eighteen months since, was flattering indeed to its friends, and the increased numbers since the examination forbodes its future prosperity.

The number now belonging to this school is one hundred and seventy. Of twenty six teachers, (the whole number) all, with the exception of two or three, give evidence of a saving change Upwards of thirty of the scholars, have also, within a few months, manifested hopes of pardon, some of whom have united with the church. *S. S. Vis.*

LITHOTOMY.

An anecdote was related to us of a Philadelphian in London, who has an invention for extracting *calculi*. I have examined the ingenious instrument, and witnessed the method of using it. If it shall succeed, it will supersede the horrible operation of lithotomy. Like many men of genius, the inventor has the misfortune not to be in affluent circumstances, and on that account met with some difficulties in securing the benefits of his skill and industry. One of the most distinguished physicians in London, after examining the apparatus and satisfying himself of its merits, sat down and wrote a check for £500, handing it to our countryman, and saying, that if the invention should form a source of profit, the money might be refunded; but if not, he would please to consider it as a gratuity. Such acts of liberality do more to subdue national prejudices than all the wars that were ever waged.—*Carter's Letters from Eng.*

INTELLIGENCE FOR AMERICAN ANTIQUARIES.

About twenty miles from Suggoville, Alabama, there have been found, in an ancient Indian burial ground, earthen pots with covers, containing human skeletons. The tops nearly as large as the lower parts; and each one contains a complete set of bones. They appear to be of all ages and sizes. Dr Nathaniel Bicknell, the writer of the intelligence, in a letter to Dr. Mitchell, of May 14th, 1826, states that among these skeletons was one of eight feet in length, whose jaws had no alveolar sockets, nor any other evidence of having contained teeth. On the contrary, the upper and under maxillaries had complete cutting edges! All the others were of usual dimensions. When first exposed they are hard and firm; but in six or eight days, they moulder away, and crumble down. If you can devise any method of preventing this decompesition, by steeping in glue or otherwise, they could be sent to museums for the inspection of physicians, historians and others. An intelligent half-breed, of the Creek tribe, who is a well educated man, informed me of a tradition, that is worthy of remembrance. When the people of that race inhabited that part of the country, the survivors of the defeat, after a bloody and destructive battle, fled to the island of Cuba; and that a person of the Creek nation, who had been there, had informed him a remnant of their descendants existed there to this day; speaking a language so nearly approaching that of his countrymen, that they could converse together.—*N. Y. Gaz.*

MAMMOTH OX.

A few days since, on a farm in Greenland, belonging to M. C. Peirce, Esq. of Portsmouth, we measured an ox, seven years old, of an extraordinary size. His girth, just back of the fore legs, was nine feet one inch and a quarter. His length, from his nose to his shoulders blade, was four feet, minus two inches, and from thence to his rump, eight feet and two inches, making his length exactly twelve feet. His breadth across the back, from one hip joint to the other, is four feet nine inches. He weighed, in Jan. last, three thousand and thirty eight pounds, and is now, probably, two hundred pounds at least heavier.

He had no remarkable keeping for the two first years of his life, but the owner finding how rapidly he grew on common fare, has kept him nearly under the full force of feed since. The animal is well shaped and sprightly, and although they call him of common breed, he descended no doubt from a stock of cattle imported by Governor Wentworth about sixty years ago A few of the race we have seen near Wolfsborough, in New Hampshire, where Wentworth had a large farm. The blessing derived from a good agriculturalist are often remembered when the politician's deeds are forgotten. *Bos. Gaz.*

POETRY.

For the Western Luminary.

ON HAPPINESS.

Could I, with philosophic view,
Explore the fields of science through;
And search each mystery there contain'd,
With accurate scrutiny explained,
As clear as day to me:
Would this ensure the blessed end,
For which we all should most contend!
With all this labour could I find
The treasure sought* by all mankind,
Which is felicity!

By wisdom I might soar above
The clouds, where stars their courses move;
And thus, by contemplation, see
Their beauty and their harmony,
And still be void of peace.
The scientific strains, by which
Astronomers to heaven reach,
And range the plains of yonder sky,
And count the golden orbs on high,
Cannot give rest or ease.

Had I acquired all the skill,
In mathematics school so well,
That every line and number too,
Were brought correctly to my view,
It would not all avail:
Could I, by penetration, see
All nature's scene unfold to me;
With all this picture —so sublime,
Could I be entertain'd through time;
This still would also fail.

Were I permitted to transcend,
In wisdom, all that has been gain'd,
By men of parts, in every age,
That ever dwelt upon this stage;
Would this the end produce?
No—treasures gain'd by human art,
Can never purify the heart;
These things are good, but not the best;
And as regards *true* happiness,
They are but little† use.

The way to bliss is mark'd with *blood*
Of *Him*, whom angels own their *God*;
This matchless stream can change the heart,
Replenish and refine each part,
And raise the soul on high:
Its fountain is *Immanuel's side*,
Its channel *faith*, and *grace* the guide;
The *word* of God presents the plan,
And proffers happiness to man,
In realms above the sky.

* All men (who are capable of rational reflection) desire happiness. All are capable of being happy. All are in pursuit of happiness. But most men are unhappy!—And why!—Because they mistake the true source of happiness, and seek it where it never can be found.

†Unconnected with gospel grace.

N. B. Mr. Editor—It may be, that some of your readers might take some little interest in repeating the rough little poem which is scrawled on this paper. If you think so; please let it see the light, through the medium of the Luminary,—and oblige

B. T. E.

MATERNAL RESIGNATION.

Such a blessing had the celebrated teacher Rabbi Meir found. He sat during the whole of one Sabbath day in the public school, and instructed the people. During his absence from his house, his two sons, both of them of uncommon beauty and enlightened in the law, died. His wife bore them to her bed chamber, laid them on the marriage bed, and spread a white covering over their bodies. Towards evening Rabbi Meir came home. "Where are my beloved sons," he asked, "that I may give them my blessing?" "They are gone to the school," was the answer. "I repeatedly looked round the school," he replied. "and I did not see them there." She reached him a goblet; he praised the Lord at the going out of the Sabbath, drank, and again asked, "Where are my two sons, that they may drink of the cup of blessings?" "They will not be far off," she said, and placed food before him that he might eat. He was in a gladsome and genial mood, and when he had said grace after the meal, she thus addressed him: "Rabbi, with thy permission I would fain propose to thee one question." "Ask it then, my love!" he replied. "A few days ago, a person entrusted some jewels to my custody, and now he demands them again; should I give them back again?" "This is a question," said Rabbi Meir, "which my wife should not have thought it necessary to ask. What!—wouldst thou hesitate or be reluctant to restore to every one his own?" "No," she replied, "but yet I thought it best not to restore them without acquainting thee therewith." She then led him to their chamber, and stepping to the bed, took the white covering from their bodies. "Ah! my sons! my sons!" thus loudly lamented the father, "my sons! the light of mine eyes and the light of my understanding; I was your father, but ye were my teachers in the law!" The mother turned away and wept bitterly. At length she took her husband by the hand, and said, "Rabbi, didst thou not teach me that we must not be reluctant to restore that which was in our keeping! See, the Lord gave, the Lord has taken away, and blessed, be the name of the Lord!" "Blessed be the name of the Lord!" echoed Rabbi Meir, "blessed be his name, for thy sake too! For well it is written, 'He that has found a virtuous woman has a greater treasure than costly pearls. She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and on her tongue is the instruction of kindness.'" *Hebrew Tales.*

GOOD REPLY TO A DUELLIST.

The Emperor Augustus gave an admirable example how a person who sends a challenge ought to be treated. When Mark Antony, after the battle of Anticus, sent him a challenge, his answer to the messenger that brought it was, "Tell Mark Antony, if he be weary of life, there are other ways to despatch it; I shall therefore not take the trouble to be his executioner."

DESCRIPTION OF ENVY.

A respected correspondent at a distance writes thus:—*Col. Star*

'As you do not seem to like your friend's version of Ovid's graphic description of Envy, I send the following:—

'Deep in the recess of a frightful cavern, where the sun had never thrown his cheerful ray, nor the wind circulated his healthful zephyrs, sat Envy, amid gloomy damps, uncheered by warm fire. Dark gore polluted her, while she gnawed a viper, (fit nourishment of her vices) and around her lay half-eaten serpents. Her face was haggard and her form emaciate. At those before her she never looks directly. Black are her rusty teeth, and her breast green with gall. Her tongue drops poison, and laughter is far from her, except when wretchedness excites it. Cankering cares and the knowledge of men's successes distress her. Unable to sleep, she is at once the torment of others and of herself.'

GRANVILLE.

A WIFE.

When a man of sense comes to marry, it is a companion whom he wants, not an artist. It is not merely a creature who can paint, and play, sing and dance; it is a being who can comfort and counsel him; one who can reason and reflect, and feel and judge, and discourse and discriminate; one who can assist him in his affairs, lighten his sorrows, purify his joys, strengthen his principles, and educate his children. Such is the woman who is fit for a mother, and the mistress of a family. A woman of the former description may occasionally figure in the drawing room, and attract the admiration of the company, but she is entirely unfit for a helpmate to a man, and to 'train up a child in the way it should go.'

OLD PROVERBS ON IDLENESS.

Idleness is a servile, weak, and degenerate habit; that of the mind being worse than that of the body.

Wit, without employment, is a disease, the rust and canker of the soul, a plague, a hell itself, for, as in a standing pool, worms and nauseous creepers multiply, so do vicious thoughts in an idle person.

An idle body, knowing not how to employ itself, contracts innumerable diseases.

As the idle dog will grow mangy, so an idle man will not escape gross humours of body, crudities, wind, with heavy, dull, phlegmatic indisposition, and discontent.

Idleness is an inlet to drunkenness, gaming, and debauchery.

An idle man's head, is a workshop for the devil, and in fact, tempts the devil to tempt him.

"Pray, of what did your brother die?" said the Marquis Spinola, one day, to Sir Horace Vere. "He died, Sir," said he "of having nothing to do."—"Alas! said Spinola, that is enough to kill any General of us all."

"Love labour," cried a Philosopher; "if you do not want it for food, you may for physic."

The idle man is more perplexed what to do, than the industrious in doing what he ought. Action keeps the soul in constant health; but idleness corrupts and rusts the mind.

IDOLIZING MINISTERS.

There is a disposition in religious societies to feel and express strong approbation of the zealous and pious labors of faithful ministers. They speak of them, and sometimes to them, in terms of exalted eulogy, bordering on idolatry. A good pastor should have the love and regard of his people, but offend him not by flattery, nor injure yourself by inflated homage. Show your regard chiefly by an observance of his pious counsel, a hearty co-operation in his Christian labors, and a life made better by his ministerial instruction.

REMNANTS OF TIME.

Take care of the remnants of time, said an aged man to his children. Would it not be wiser, so to systematise life that there should be no remnants of time? Let the business of each day, so far as may be, be planned beforehand; one thing at a time, until its completion; indulge in no reveries; remember the Christian is on an errand, and cannot stop by the way.

Blest is that man whose happiness is increased at the reflection, that his piety, his wisdom, his kindness, his example, his counsel, his attention, his diligence, has made a little family community more happy, useful and virtuous.

There is nothing so much affects men, as to see religion embodied, and acted out by the people of God. The gospel then presents itself to their consciences in a living shape, and carries with it an influence that is irresistible.

So live with men, as if God saw you—so pray to God, as if men heard you.

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